

# Gallipolis Journal.

"Truth and Justice."

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 32, 1876.

\$1.50 in Advance

NUMBER 28

WM. NASH, Editor.

VOLUME XII.

## BANKING.

### FIRST NATIONAL BANK, GALLIPOLIS.

EDWARD DELETOBBE, President.  
JOSEPH HUNT, Vice-President.  
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.

Capital Stock, - - \$100,000.

DIRECTORS:  
Edward Deletozze, Jno. A. Hamilton,  
Reuben Aleshire, Jos. Hunt,  
John Hutsiniller, J. S. Blackaller.

Buys Gold, Silver, U. S. Bonds, Con-  
gressional Government Securities of all  
kinds.  
Bank open from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.  
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.  
May 7, 1874.

## OHIO VALLEY BANK, GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Cash Capital, \$100,000.  
Individual Liability, \$800,000.

A. HENKING, President.  
J. T. HALDADY, Vice President.  
W. T. MINTURN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

A. HENKING, C. D. BAILEY,  
A. W. ALLEN, WM. SHORER.  
Buys Gold, Silver, Coupons and  
Government Bonds at highest prices.  
Makes collections on all points and  
issues Drafts on principal cities in  
the United States and Europe free of  
charge to regular depositors. Solicits  
deposits of private as well as corporate  
funds, and allows liberal interest on all  
monies left on specified time.  
November 7, 1874.

L. M. BEAMAN, S. G. KELLER,  
Pres't, Vice Pres't.  
R. P. PORTER, Cashier.

## CENTREVILLE National Bank

OF THURMAN, OHIO.  
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$100,000.

BANK OF CIRCULATION, DIS-  
count and Exchange, Interest  
paid on Time Deposits. Good paper  
purchased. Drafts on New York, Cin-  
cinnati and other cities for sale.  
Banking hours from 10 to 12 and from  
1 to 3.

DIRECTORS:  
L. M. Beaman, S. G. Keller,  
Parnell Wood, J. C. Gross,  
Nov. 26, 1874.

## MEDICAL.

### RATHBURN & NORTUP

HAVING united in the practice of  
MEDICINE AND SURGERY,  
will attend calls in city or country day  
or night.  
Office - Rathburn's Drug Store,  
Dec. 9, 1875.-6m

### W. S. NEWTON, M. D.,

HAVING resigned the Post-office,  
will devote his whole time to the  
practice of  
Medicine and Surgery.  
Office, adjoining Post-office; residence,  
on 3d St., two doors above State,  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
July 15, 1875.

## DENTISTRY!

### DR. J. R. SAFFORD.

Office - 2d St., over J. H. Wren's Store.  
P. S. - Preserving the Natural Teeth,  
a specialty.  
March 19, 1874.

## ATTORNEYS.

### WHITE & HOLCOMB,

Attorneys at Law.  
Special attention given to Collections.  
OFFICE - NEAR THE COURT HOUSE.

### E. N. HARPER,

Attorney at Law,  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
Pensions obtained and Government  
Claims prosecuted.  
Office on Second street, one door above  
Vanhook & Son.  
March 14, 1872.

### BIRD & ECKER,

Attorneys-at-Law,  
Gallipolis, - - - Ohio.  
Will attend to all business entrusted  
to their care in Gallia and adjoining  
counties, also in Mason county,  
West Va.

Special attention given to Collections,  
Probate business, etc.  
Office on Second Street, five doors be-  
low Locust.  
Nov. 12, 1874.-4t

## Cincinnati CARRIAGE WORKS.

### Wm. Auferdeide & Co.,

PROPRIETORS,  
Manufacture for the Trade  
Carriages, Spring Wagons,  
&c.  
Nos. 407 and 409 John St., Cincin-  
nati, O.  
Feb. 10, 1876.-1y

## HARDWARE.

### J. M. Kerr & Co.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
GENERAL  
HARDWARE,

Upper corner Public Square  
GALLIPOLIS, O.

J. M. KERR, J. W. CHERINGTON,  
January 22, 1874.

## SADDLES AND SADDLERY.

### H. R. BELL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
SADDLES, BRIDLES,  
Harness, Collars,  
Trace-Chains, Curry-Combs,  
Horse-Brushes, &c.

COURT ST., - - GALLIPOLIS, O.  
Repairing promptly attended to.  
Prices to suit the times.  
July 18, 1874.

## MILLING.

### R. ALESQUIRE & CO.,

DEALERS IN  
Flour, Wheat.

## Mill-Feed, &c.

## CASH FOR WHEAT.

### EUREKA MILLS,

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO

## MARBLE WORKS.

### MILES & KERR,

MARBLE CUTTERS,  
AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
MONUMENTS,

Tomb-Stones, &c.  
SECOND STREET, ABOVE PUB-  
LIC SQUARE,  
Gallipolis, - - - Ohio.

WE do everything in the line of Marble  
Cutting on short notice, and refer  
those who desire reference to our skill and  
ability to our work.  
Oct. 26, 1871.-4t

## 1875. FALL AND WINTER OPENING.

### Millinery and Fancy GOODS.

### MISS HATTIE A. ANDREWS

PUBLIC SQUARE, 3d door from Court  
street, Gallipolis, Ohio.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF  
Millinery Goods,  
Corsets, Kid Gloves,

Dress Trimmings, Cloaks, Furs, Real  
and Imitation Hair Goods, Chemises,  
Embroideries and Laces, Braids, Zephyr  
Worstedes, Floss and Canvas always on  
hand.

Stamping for Embroidery or Brail-  
ing, and Pinking done to order on short  
notice.

Agent, in Gallipolis, for the sale of  
E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS  
OF GARMENTS, and their celebrated  
SEWERS AND SCISSORS.

Miss HATTIE A. ANDREWS,  
Public Square, 3d door from Court St.,  
Gallipolis, Ohio.

## MILLINERY.

### MRS. J. HOWELL,

DEALER IN  
MILLINERY GOODS,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Orders solicited and promptly and  
carefully filled.  
COURT STREET,  
Between 2d and 3d, - - Gallipolis, O.  
May 7th, 1874.

## MILLINERY.

### Miss ALICE HILL,

Has removed her MILLINERY estab-  
lishment to  
CREUZET BLOCK,  
on SECOND STREET, a few doors east  
of Court, where her friends are invited  
to call.  
October 22, 1874.

## INSURANCE

Against Loss or Damage  
from Fire and Lightning.

### A. F. MOORE,

GENERAL FIRE, LIFE, AND AC-  
CIDENT INSURANCE AGENT,  
GALLIPOLIS, - - OHIO.

Office over Watson's Book Store,  
Nov. 25, 1875.-6m

For the Gallipolis Journal.

Suggested on seeing FREDIE JAMES  
taking a last leave of the corpse of his  
Mother:

Father, I have found a tear  
In your eye, how came it there?  
More are coming, how they chase  
One another down your face.

Now I feel your bosom heave,  
What does make you sob and grieve?  
Let me wipe your tears away,  
Or I cannot go to play.

Why is mother sleeping so?  
Let me down and let me go -  
Let me go and let me stand  
Near enough to catch her hand.

Why, it feels as stiff and cold  
As a piece of ice to hold.  
Lift me up to kiss her cheek,  
When, perchance, she'll wake and speak.

Mother, Oh, is it she?  
Why, she will not speak to me:  
Mother had not cheeks so white,  
See, the lips are fastened tight.

Mother always spoke and smiled,  
Calling me her darling child;  
When I came, who is this?  
When I came, who is this?

If 'tis mother, is she done  
Speaking to her little one?  
She will never, never more,  
Love me as she did before.

Could she hear what we have said?  
Tell me, what is being said?  
Oh, she does not breathe a breath:  
Father, what's the cause of death?

M. S.

## THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. Gorham put down a letter  
she had been reading, and, looking  
around the table at her blooming  
daughters and two tall handsome  
sons, she said, in a doleful tone:

"Your Aunt Sabina is coming to  
London, and has invited herself here  
without ceremony."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an  
intimation of intense disgust.

"She will reach here this afternoon.  
Wilber will have to meet her."

"Sorry, ma; but I promised to  
drive Miss Caldwell to the park.  
Fred can go."

"Certainly, I will go," Fred said,  
gravely, though there was a hot blush  
on his forehead. "I am very fond of  
Aunt."

"Nonsense!" said his mother.  
"You have not seen her in fourteen  
years. I never went near the de-  
testable old farm after your father  
died."

"Nevertheless, I have a vivid re-  
collection of Aunt Sabina's kindness  
while we were there."

"Dear me," drawled Lucilla,  
"don't be sentimental; I wish the  
old thing would stay home. I can't  
imagine what she is coming here  
for."

"She's our father's sister," said  
Fred, "and I cannot find anything  
surprising in her looking for a wel-  
come amongst her brother's chil-  
dren."

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoul-  
ders. If she had spoken her  
thoughts, it would have been: "Fred  
is so old! Just like his father!"  
But she only said: "I may depend  
upon you, then, to meet your aunt,  
Fred? I will see about her room."

It was a source of great satisfac-  
tion to Mrs. Gorham that her chil-  
dren were all like herself. "Greedy,"  
everyone, except Fred, she would  
say, congratulating herself that the  
plebeian blood of "Gorham" was not  
transmitted in the features of her  
children, Wilber, or any of the three  
girls.

That Greedy peasant intense  
selfishness, that Greedy peasant  
of a cold, hard type, that Greedy  
disposition was tyrannical and narrow-  
minded, did not trouble Mrs. Gor-  
ham. That her son, who was "all  
Gorham" was proud to the core with  
the pride that knows no false shame,  
that her daughter, who was as noble  
in disposition, handsome in  
handiwork, in a frank, manly type,  
generous and self-sacrificing - she  
could not appreciate. His hands and  
feet were not so small as her  
Wilber's, he had no fashionable af-  
fections, and no "Greedy" look. So  
his mother thought him rough and  
coarse, and his sisters declared that  
he had no style at all. But outside  
the home, where a great show of  
wealth was made by many private  
economies, Fred was more apprecia-  
ted.

When he became a man, and knew  
that his father's estate, though suffi-  
cient to give every comfort, was not  
large, he was not extravagant. His  
mother indulged in, he fitted himself  
for business and took a position in a  
counting-house, thus becoming self-  
supporting, though his mother de-  
clared that no Greedy had ever been  
in trade. That the money she lived on  
was made in boiling the fashionable  
lady ignored entirely. Darling Wil-  
ber had studied law, but his first  
client had not yet appeared, and Mrs.  
Gorham supported him, trusting his  
fascinations would touch the heart  
of some moneyed belle. Miss Cald-  
well was the present hope. She was  
her own mistress, an orphan-heiress,  
and very handsome. That she was  
old and proud in manner was only  
an additional charm to Mrs. Gor-  
ham; and Lucilla, Arabella and Cor-  
dine were enthusiastic in their ad-  
miration of "Cornelia Caldwell's  
queeny manner."

Nobody suspected that Fred,  
blunt, straightforward Fred, hid  
one secret in his heart, con-  
fessed to no living being. And  
that secret was a love, pure and  
true, for Cornelia Caldwell - a love  
that would shut itself closely away  
from any suspicion of fortune-hunt-  
ing; that only drooped and mourned  
thinking of the heiress.

By four o'clock Fred was at the  
station waiting for Aunt Sabina.  
What a little, old-fashioned figure  
she was, in her quaint black bonnet  
and large-figure shawl. But Fred

knew her kindly old face at once,  
though he had not seen it since he  
was twelve years old.

"You are aunt," he said, going  
quickly to meet her.

She looked at the handsome face,  
and caught a quick, gasping breath.  
"You must be one of John's boys,"  
she said. "How like you are to your  
father!"

"I am Fred," he answered.  
"Dear heart! How you've grown!  
Is your ma here?"

"She is waiting for you at home."  
The good old countrywoman had  
never had the least doubt of a warm  
welcome at her brother's house, and  
Fred certainly confirmed her expecta-  
tions. He found the old black  
leather trunk, the bag, the great bulg-  
ing cotton umbrella, and - put them  
in the carriage, without one smile  
or ridicule. He made his aunt go to  
the restaurant and refresh herself be-  
fore starting on the long drive home.  
He listened with respectful interest  
to all the mishaps of the long jour-  
ney, and sympathized with the  
"ruination of every mortal stitch  
I've got on, dear, in the dust and  
smoke."

And he chatted pleasantly of his  
childish recollections of the tiny  
house and wide farm where Sabina  
lived.

"You see," she told him, "I made  
up my mind this year I would come  
to London once more before I died.  
I've tried to before now, dear, but  
something or other ails me. I'm  
dear, dear! You are all grown up,  
and you were but a lot of babies  
last time poor John brought  
you to see me."

"Cornelia is the youngest, and she  
is eighteen. Wilber is the only one  
older than I am."

"Yes, I remember. Well, dear,  
I'm glad that John's wife brought up  
such a fine family. I'm only an old  
maid, but I do love children and  
young folks."

But a chill fell upon the kindly  
old heart when she was told that  
last, and four-fifths dressed-lady  
gave her a strictly courteous  
greeting. But for the warm clasp of  
Fred's hand, I think she would  
have returned to the station in the  
same carriage she came, so wounded  
and sore she felt.

"Not one kiss," she thought, "and  
Fred kissed me at the train, right  
before all the folks."

Fred slipped a silver coin into  
the hands of the servant girl who  
was to wait upon his aunt, promising  
another if she was very attentive,  
and himself escorted the old lady to  
her room. He was not often the  
young man's indignation found voice,  
though it grew hot over many shame-  
ful acts of hard selfishness in the  
house of his mother, but he said some  
words on that day that called a blush  
to the cheeks of the worldly wo-  
man.

It was not a very busy season, and  
finding Sabina was likely to have a  
sorry time, if left to the other men-  
bers of the family, Fred asked for a  
holiday, and appointed himself the  
escort. He was too proud  
to pay for the fact that the quaint  
little figure on his arm attracted  
many an amused glance, but gravely  
good by while a new dress for Dolly,  
the dairy-maid, and a city necktie  
for Bob, the plow-man, were pur-  
chased.

He gave undivided attention to the  
more important selection of a new  
black silk for aunt herself, and  
pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf,  
with large red spots, that was pre-  
sented to him, appreciating the love  
that prompted the gift, and mental-  
ly resolving to wear it when he paid  
the promised visit to the farm. He  
drove Aunt Sabina to the park. He  
took her to see all the sights.

Once or twice, meeting some of his  
gentleman friends, they had thought  
the "queer old party" some rich re-  
lation, Gorham is so very attentive,  
and had delighted Sabina by their  
deferential attention.

Once - Fred had not counted on  
that - in a picture gallery, Cornelia  
Caldwell sauntered in alone. She  
had heard of Sabina, through the  
disputed comments of Lucilla, and  
knew she had no property but a  
"miserable farm," but she greeted  
Fred with a smile far more cordial  
than she gave her admirers. A little  
lump came in Fred's throat. Then  
he gravely introduced the stately  
beauty in her rustling silk to the lit-  
tle, old-fashioned figure of Miss  
Caldwell.

They admired the pictures to-  
gether, and the young lady was cor-  
dial and chatty.

After they came down the steps,  
Miss Caldwell said:

"You must let your aunt drive an  
hour or two with me. Mr. Gorham,  
I am going to do some shopping so  
I will not tax your patience by in-  
viting you to join us, but I shall be  
pleased if Miss Gorham will dine  
with me, and you will call for her  
this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Sa-  
bina comfortable in the carriage, and  
drove off, leaving Fred forty times  
deeper in love than ever, as she in-  
tended to be should be.

"He is a very prince of men," she  
thought, "and I will give him one  
day's rest. Bless the dear old son,  
he has such blue eyes as my dear  
old grandmother!"

Then she won Sabina's confidence,  
and found she was worrying about the  
purchase of certain household mat-  
ters that would not go in the black  
leather trunk, and that she did not  
like to worry Fred about it.

She drove to the places where the  
best goods could be had, keeping  
guard over the slender purse against  
all imposition, till the last towel was  
satisfactorily chosen and directed.

Then she drove her home, and  
brought her to the room where  
"grandmother" was queen, knowing

the stately old lady would make the  
country-woman welcome.

In the evening that followed,  
Fred's heart was touched and warm-  
ed, he told his long cherished ac-  
count, and knew that he had won love  
for life.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks, and  
then went home, and the immense  
relief of the Gorhams, and carrying  
no regret at leaving any but Fred  
and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected that  
Cornelia spent four weeks in the  
height of the summer season listless  
in the parlors of Fred at Sabina's  
farmhouse, and Fred did not know  
it all he came, too after she was gone,  
and his share of listening to loving  
impressions of one he loved.

He wore the necktie and made  
himself so much at home, that Sa-  
bina forgot some of the bitterest tears  
of her life when he left.

"Next time we will come to-  
gether," Fred whispered, and so con-  
soled her.

But alas! the next time Fred  
came was to superintend the funeral  
of the gentle old lady; and though  
Cornelia came, too, his happy wife,  
there was no welcome in the pale lips,  
or his blue eyes closed forever.

But the widow's old lady left gave  
all his worldly possessions to her  
dear nephew, Frederic Gorham -  
the farm and farm-house.

It was apparently no very great  
legacy, and Cornelia smiled at many  
of the old-fashioned treasures she  
touched, and with the tender rever-  
ence death leaves.

To years ago Sabina was laid to  
rest in her narrow coffin, and there  
is a busy, flourishing town around  
the site of the old farm.

Mr. Frederic Gorham lives there  
now, and handles large sums of  
money - the rents of stately build-  
ings.

"Made his money, sir, by specula-  
tion," you will be told, if you inquire  
as to his source of income. "For  
tunate purchase of ground before  
the town was thought of."

But I tell you that the only specu-  
lation he made was, in the kindness  
of his heart, extending loving atten-  
tion to his father's sister, and that  
the only land he ever owned was  
Aunt Sabina's farm. - English paper.

## Western Enterprise.

About noon yesterday a tall, lank  
young man, pants in his best top  
of his head, entered the office of the  
Enterprise, and, after a brief con-  
ference with the proprietor, and  
breathily remarked:

"I'm from the West looking for a  
job - I've come to New York to com-  
mence low down and climb high up.  
I want to clerk for you."

The proprietor, whose family lives  
over the store, and whose wife makes  
most of the sales, replied that he  
didn't want any more help.

"I don't care what it is," contin-  
ued the young man. "If you don't  
want me to clerk it, I'll saw wood,  
sort over potatoes, paint your house  
- do any work. I'm all enterprise  
and go-ahead, and if I can get a foot-  
hold in less than a month, I'll make  
howl in less than a year."

He was finally given a job carrying  
a ton of coal up stairs, and the mer-  
chant went out for a little while. Af-  
ter carrying up two loads, the man  
from the West informed the wife that  
he was struck with her beauty, and  
proposed an elopement. She pushed  
him down stairs, and her husband  
returned just then and went for the  
stranger with a club. Stranger told  
the mark, and came out a J. A.

A friend of the family came in  
and took part, and he was also piled  
in a heap. A policeman was called,  
and the man from the West slipped  
over the rear fence, stole a dog from  
the next yard, and in ten minutes  
sold the canine and returned to the  
store and offered the merchant fifty  
cents to settle damages. If he ex-  
hibits as much enterprise in evading  
a court sentence, it would be well for  
the government to hire him as chair-  
man of some investigating committee.  
N. Y. Telegram.

FUNERALS in 1876, says Edward  
Abbott, touched weddings at the  
point of festivity, and were often very  
expensive, showy, and pompous occa-  
sions. In some parts of the coun-  
try, especially among the Dutch of  
Long Island and New York, it was  
the custom of a young man, as he  
by his earnings after coming of age,  
until a sufficient sum had accumu-  
lated to provide for him a "respecta-  
ble" funeral when he should come to  
die. Ofttimes the young bachelors  
would reserve half of the portion of  
wine which he liberally laid in for his  
marriage, to be used at the funeral  
of himself or his wife. Special in-  
vitations were sent out for funerals  
as for parties. The clergyman, pall  
bearers and physicians attending,  
were provided with scarfs and gloves,  
and sometimes each with a mourning  
ring; while the feast, which followed  
the interment, at the house of the de-  
ceased, elaborate with cold roast  
meats, wines, liquors and pipes, was  
not unfrequently an occasion of  
coarse excess, sometimes descending  
into hilarious and noisy demonstra-  
tions. A "respectable" funeral of  
this description, might cost perhaps  
a thousand dollars, while the funeral  
of the first wife of Stephen Van  
Rensselaer is said to have cost not  
less than twenty thousand dollars.

DETROIT Post (Rep.): Mr. Blaine  
is the first choice of the large ma-  
jority of the Michigan Republicans  
as represented in their delegation.

Next stands Mr. Bristow, and either  
Blaine or Bristow would be accepta-  
ble to the friends of the other. In ad-  
dition to the sixteen delegates from  
Blaine and four for Bristow, there  
is one for Mr. Conkling and one for  
Mr. Hayes.

## Dr. Le Moine and Cremation.

We feel that we are not doing jus-  
tice to Dr. Le Moine without giving  
in full the reasons for his belief in  
cremation. We copy them from the  
Pittsburg Leader:

First - The sanitary argument. It  
is a well known fact that the decom-  
position of animal matter is a great  
source of disease to the living. Since  
the era of microscopic investigation  
of the results of animal decomposi-  
tion it has become a well known fact  
that most of the lower forms of dis-  
ease, such as typhoid fever, etc., arise  
from the inhalation of the "miasma"  
tried air arising from decomposing  
matter and from the contamination  
of the water of our springs and wells  
as a result of its filtration through  
graves. In connection with this argu-  
ment I will tell the incident that  
happened some years ago in Wash-  
ington, wherein a number of promi-  
nent men at one of the principal ho-  
tels were smitten with typhoid fever  
and other low diseases. The reason  
for this wholesale sickness was that  
the drinking-water became contam-  
inated with the house drainage. The  
law of nature is all on the side of  
cremation, and I can very easily  
make that evident. Wherever nature  
allows animal matter to be subject  
to decomposition it has provided a  
way to speedily get rid of it. Hence  
where animals die and lie in the open  
air, it has provided other animals and  
birds to eat the remains. When a  
body lies in the open air flies which  
quickly hatch maggots, whereby  
the body becomes eaten very soon;  
but in burial, bodies are kept in a  
state of decomposition for years.  
Why, I know of a body that was dug  
up after it had been buried for eight  
years, and the smell was so great at  
that time that the men doing the  
digging could hardly stand it. By  
burying the body you hide it so that  
it can't be destroyed as quickly as it  
should be. But cremation avoids  
either trouble by disposing of the re-  
mains immediately.

The second argument - the econom-  
ical argument - may now be touched  
on. Cremation is greatly to be pre-  
ferred when the matter of expense is  
to be regarded. For the burying of  
bodies we have funerals, monuments  
and grave decorations of every sort,  
all of which are extremely expensive,  
and all of which are only in exist-  
ence for fostering the pride of the  
living. Why, just think of the tremen-  
dous expense